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"Lo, we are mocked with fancies and we stretch  
 Meek unavailing arms to anywhere,  
 But help is none. The North wind cannot fetch  
 An answer to our cries, nor in the air  
 Fanned by the South wind's van is any aid.  
 What then is left but this, that we be brave  
 And steadfast in our places, not afraid,  
 However fell our lot, and we will lave  
 Us deep in human waters till our minds  
 Grow broad and kindly and we haply steal  
 A paradise from Nature. Nothing binds  
 Man closer unto man than that he feel  
 The trouble of his comrade. So we grope  
 Through courage, truth and kindness back to hope."

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There are continually new testimonies to the spread of the mystic sense; the feeling of the identification of the individual with the larger and ultimate forces of the universe. It is this sense that is set down in the short, unrhymed lyrics of Mrs. Sprague's "My Two Gardens."\* One comes across such lines as:

"I seemed to lose all individual consciousness  
 And my whole garden became myself."  
 "It has seemed to me that somewhere out of silence  
 Something would speak to me."  
 "And as we leave ourselves free  
 The Soul within unfolds."

The last poem perhaps as well as any gives us what the author is striving to say:

"The Source of all, the great world Power  
 Enthroned in silence, waits—  
 Waits until the heart of man freed from all passion  
 Shall turn to deeds of love."

There is the same difficulty, more exaggerated, in these poems that we noted in Mr. Lodge's; it is the mistaken tendency to discard the earthly symbol. There is something too thin and too rarefied about poetry that is all in the upper regions of abstraction. But the little volume has none the less its own grace and noble charm.

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Very sweet and spontaneous is the singing in this prettily named volume,† all compact of tenderness, flowers, tears, smiles

\* "My Two Gardens." By A. S. Rochester, New York: The Manas Press, 1909.

† "Flower o' the Grass." By Ada Foster Murray. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1910.